

The Quarterbreed

BY
ROBERT
AMES
BENNETT

no right to enter no claim. What's to keep you from turning round and telling me to whistle for my half, soon's you get title to the mine?"

"Why, Jake?" exclaimed Vandervyn in an aggrieved tone. "How can you think I could throw you down that way? Even if we weren't friends, you know I want Marie."

Dupont's eyes narrowed, and his jaw set obstinately. "That's all right; but then that want to remain friends want to remember that business is business."

Vandervyn frowned, considered the matter a few moments, smiled, and drew a folded paper from an inner pocket.

"Very well. I expected to wait until I reached the mine. But since you insist, here it is—my deed to you of a full half-interest. You've been hinting and looking so confounded uneasy ever since the accident to Redburn, that I thought I'd be ready for you."

Mumbling an apology, Dupont hastily unfolded the deed, skimmed through it, and grasped the fact that



"The Devil! What Brings Him Back Here?"

it purported to convey to him a full half-interest in the mine. He had started to read it over more carefully when an oath from Vandervyn caused him to look up.

The younger man pointed along the coulee bank to where the road topped the spur ridge of the butte.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "What brings him back here?"

"Cap! It sure is Cap!" muttered Dupont. "Nom d'un chien! You don't think he's got on to the game, do you?"

"Wouldn't do him any good if he had."

"Then why d'you think he's—"

"To enter the contest!" divined Vandervyn. "There's time enough to wire Washington and have him put under arrest for disobeying orders."

"Hold on!" cautioned Dupont. "What if he does try his luck? In the mountains there ain't no horse nor man neither can break up your photo combine."

Vandervyn's face cleared. "You ought to know. I'll chance it if—"

"Ain't no chance to it," put in Dupont. "It's a dead clinch."

"He'll think he's going to do me," exclaimed Vandervyn. "Let him register. He's come back for the mine first; then Marie. I don't want her to see him or to know he has come back. You have your deed. Suppose you start at once."

"If she's willing. I'll see," qualified Dupont. "Look out you don't slip up. I'll tend to my end. So long—good luck!"

He rode off down the butte side of the coulee.

Vandervyn cantered straight across, and met Hardy a few yards below the tent of the commissioners.

"Good day, captain," he spoke in civil greeting. "I am surprised to see you back here. Have your orders been countermanded?"

"No," replied Hardy with equal civility. "I have resigned."

Vandervyn could not conceal his blank astonishment. "Not—not resigned from the army?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the war department, received an answer, and mailed my resignation and application for leave of absence to my commanding officer at Vancouver barracks. As an officer it was not proper for me to enter the contest."

"Ah!" Vandervyn's smile gave place to a look of pained surprise. "So you intend to enter the contest. But do you think that quite honorable, captain, in the circumstances?"

"I do not care to discuss questions of honor with you, Mr. Vandervyn," replied Hardy with utmost coolness.

his easy seat to take a position behind him. The secretary hesitated and looked inquiringly at Vandervyn. He met with a nod to proceed.

"You wish to register?" came the curt question of the chairman.

"Yes," replied Hardy with equal coolness.

"Is an army officer entitled to enter the contest?" questioned the smallest commissioner.

"You need not debate the matter," said Hardy. "I have resigned my commission."

Again Vandervyn nodded, and there were no further objections raised. Hardy and he signed the register, and made their thumb prints, and were duly described in writing by the secretary.

Hardy at once mounted his mare, and rode away up the coulee. He did not return until Vandervyn and the commissioners had left for the agency.

That evening he drew up the legal notices required in the posting of a mining claim, and paid three or four of the older prospectors to check them for errors. To all who inquired, he described the trail by which he had gone into the mountains, and frankly stated that he knew of none other that led to the nearest of the four prominent peaks which had been named as the corners of the mineral-land boundary.

The rest of the evening and most of the following day he spent in grooming his mare. He gave her no grass and little water, but a good allowance of oats. Both morning and afternoon he took her out for short rides up the coulee, and each time repeatedly climbed and descended the bank. He did not cross over to the reservation side, much less go to the agency.

The day set for the opening dawned still and clear, with the promise of burning heat by noon.

After breakfast the more uneasy spirits began wandering about the camp or flitting with their packs. Nearly all the older and more experienced men gave their ponies a feed of oats, and stretched out to lounge in the shade of their tents.

Two hours before the time set for the start Vandervyn appeared, and crossed over to the camp. He was riding his pinto and leading a pack pony. When the old prospectors saw his heavy pack and shovel and large, poorly lashed pack of food and bedding, they cracked many dry jokes on the grand chances of the tenderfoot. Their own picks and shovels were as light as such tools could be made without impairing their efficiency, and their packs were as lean as Vandervyn's pack was swollen.

Hardy alone divined the deceptive mockery of his rival's cumbersome display. But he was bound by his word and could say nothing. It was he, and not Vandervyn, who was looked upon with suspicion by the crowd. Soon there was a gathering of a moblike group, that rumbled awhile, and ended by presenting itself before Hardy as a committee of inquiry.

"You been agent at this here reservation," explained their spokesman. "We want to know if you've got a frame-up to have some feller meet you with your pack animals over in the mountains."

"No," replied Hardy. "There are four days' rations in my saddlebags. A poncho is all one needs in sleeping before a fire this time of year."

"You ain't got no tools," criticized a man who had been drinking.

"The same is true of several among you," Hardy rejoined.

One of the cowboys who was included in this remark called back resonantly: "You've been into the mountains. I bet you a blue chip you've got a good prospect spotted, ready for branding."

"I am not making any bets," said Hardy. "You have heard all I know about the trail. Mr. Vandervyn has made the trip several times. He was with me during the one trip I made. I have no objection to your questioning him about it."

There was some muttering over this. But Hardy's manner was so cool and quiet that the incipient mob left him, and struggled over to where Vandervyn had hired an expert to throw the diamond hitch on his ridiculous pack. Hardy turned his back on them, and set to grooming the satiny coat of his mare. His uneasiness was well founded. Whatever means Vandervyn used, they were sufficient to satisfy the crowd. The muttering soon ceased, and the men dispersed.

"No," replied Hardy with equal civility. "I have resigned."

Vandervyn could not conceal his blank astonishment. "Not—not resigned from the army?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the war department, received an answer, and mailed my resignation and application for leave of absence to my commanding officer at Vancouver barracks. As an officer it was not proper for me to enter the contest."

"Ah!" Vandervyn's smile gave place to a look of pained surprise. "So you intend to enter the contest. But do you think that quite honorable, captain, in the circumstances?"

"I do not care to discuss questions of honor with you, Mr. Vandervyn," replied Hardy with utmost coolness.

"That I can well understand," countered Vandervyn. "Knowing that we can make no protest, you intend personally to take advantage of the information to take advantage of the information to keep secret."

Hardy dismounted without replying, and placed himself at the end of the line of registering entrymen. The sun was far down in the sky when he came before the secretary's table, at the end of the line. Vandervyn rose from

his easy seat to take a position behind him. The secretary hesitated and looked inquiringly at Vandervyn. He met with a nod to proceed.

"You wish to register?" came the curt question of the chairman.

"Yes," replied Hardy with equal coolness.

The other commissioners had climbed into the touring car. One of them held up his watch. Another commissioner arose, thrust a small pistol above his head with a melodramatic flourish, and fired.

At the signal the line of contestants wavered and plunged forward into the shallow stream. There were, however, quite enough hasty ones to raise a wild splashing and turmoil, as, whooping and yelling, they spurred their ponies through the water and whirled away at a gallop. Some wheeled up the coulee; a few rode straight across the steep bank. Vandervyn, wilder and noisier of all, headed downstream for the road, spurring his pinto. He was followed by a large bunch.

Hardy started after these last, holding his mare to her usual steady trot. When he came up the road to the head of the gulley, those who had gone before him were all quite a distance ahead, with Vandervyn still in the lead. Midway between the mouth of the valley and the agency, the long-striding mare began to pass ponies whose riders had thought better of their whirlwind start. Others were still loping in swift pursuit of Vandervyn.

Hardy walked the mare up the slope of the agency terrace. He saw nothing of Dupont or Marie, and the Indians had moved away with their tepees. But in the rear of the warehouse he caught a glimpse of two Indian policemen removing the load from Vandervyn's pack pony. His face clouded. He put the mare into a gallop.

All the way to the head of the valley Hardy held to a steady gallop. One after another, he passed the remaining leaders. The best of the ponies were no match in speed with the big thoroughbred.

At last only Vandervyn was ahead. As Hardy overhauled and forged past Vandervyn, the young fellow turned and met his gaze with a look of mocking hate. Hardy glanced back several times, prepared to fling himself flat alongside the pommel of his saddle. His uneasiness did not lessen when a few minutes later Vandervyn halted, and scrambled down from the trail to get a drink out of the creek. The crease in Hardy's forehead deepened.

Ahead, the walls of the canyon were sloping back into the widened valley where had been the first Indian camp. Dogs, Indians and tepees, all were gone. Only a brush-walled dance lodge remained to mark the camp site. As the mare pounded past, she curved her outstretched neck toward the lodge and whinnied. Hardy heard no answer to the call, but his frown suddenly deepened.

He reached forward and stroked the mare's sleek neck. Hot as had been the race from the agency, she had not turned a hair. His frown relaxed. Yet his tight lips showed that he was still uneasy. He balanced himself in his stirrups, and began to ride as lightly as possible.

Ascending the mountainside, he was compelled to content himself with the mare's nervous, long-strided walk. But whenever the trail was not too steep or rough, he put her into a trot, and varied the pace with an occasional short gallop.

An hour passed. He was already well into the mountains. He came to a succession of steep climbs and descents that held the mare down to a walk. Presently he thought he heard hoofbeats behind him. He listened. He had not been mistaken. An unshod horse was coming up with him at a steady jog trot.

It seemed impossible that Vandervyn's pinto could have so recuperated from that whirlwind heading of the rush as to be able to take this steep trail at a trot. Hardy gazed back, expecting to see one of the cowboys. As he went down over a ridge crest, the rider came up the ridge back across the intervening gulch. The man snatched off his broad-brimmed hat to wave a salute. The sun glinted with a golden sheen on the unmistakable blond head of Vandervyn.

At the first small break in the descent Hardy dismounted, unsaddled, and sponged out the mare's mouth and nostrils with water from his canteen. He then shook out and refolded his Navajo saddle blanket, and started to remount. But before he buckled the cinch-strap he shifted the pistol from his breast to a front pocket in his riding breeches.

He was vigorously grooming the mare when Vandervyn came jogging down through the thickets of tall brush that grew close on each side of the trail. He did not pause in his rubbing until the nimble-footed unshod pony ambled into view, less than a dozen yards up the trail. Then he glanced about, straightened, and stood staring. The pony was a pinto.

Vandervyn, smiling with insolent exultance, rode down to him, his right hand jauntily poised on his hip, over the hilt of his revolver. His eyes challenged his rival with an audacious, provoking stare. But Hardy looked only at the pinto. There was no sign of sweat lather on his rough coat, no weariness in his gait. He was fresh—

"Lots of come-back to a bronco, captain," purred Vandervyn. "Sorry to see that you've stove up your mare. She's too highbred for a rocky road like this. But you might take off her shoes and travel light, the way I've done."

The pony was now ambling down the slope past the mare. Hardy looked at the unshod hoofs. They were covered with a coating of clay mire from the bottom of the last gulch, and the beast's shuffling pace did not expose the under surface of the hoofs. Whether

the other commissioners had climbed into the touring car. One of them held up his watch. Another commissioner arose, thrust a small pistol above his head with a melodramatic flourish, and fired.

At the signal the line of contestants wavered and plunged forward into the shallow stream. There were, however, quite enough hasty ones to raise a wild splashing and turmoil, as, whooping and yelling, they spurred their ponies through the water and whirled away at a gallop. Some wheeled up the coulee; a few rode straight across the steep bank. Vandervyn, wilder and noisier of all, headed downstream for the road, spurring his pinto. He was followed by a large bunch.

Hardy started after these last, holding his mare to her usual steady trot. When he came up the road to the head of the gulley, those who had gone before him were all quite a distance ahead, with Vandervyn still in the lead. Midway between the mouth of the valley and the agency, the long-striding mare began to pass ponies whose riders had thought better of their whirlwind start. Others were still loping in swift pursuit of Vandervyn.

Hardy walked the mare up the slope of the agency terrace. He saw nothing of Dupont or Marie, and the Indians had moved away with their tepees. But in the rear of the warehouse he caught a glimpse of two Indian policemen removing the load from Vandervyn's pack pony. His face clouded. He put the mare into a gallop.

All the way to the head of the valley Hardy held to a steady gallop. One after another, he passed the remaining leaders. The best of the ponies were no match in speed with the big thoroughbred.

At last only Vandervyn was ahead. As Hardy overhauled and forged past Vandervyn, the young fellow turned and met his gaze with a look of mocking hate. Hardy glanced back several times, prepared to fling himself flat alongside the pommel of his saddle. His uneasiness did not lessen when a few minutes later Vandervyn halted, and scrambled down from the trail to get a drink out of the creek. The crease in Hardy's forehead deepened.

Ahead, the walls of the canyon were sloping back into the widened valley where had been the first Indian camp. Dogs, Indians and tepees, all were gone. Only a brush-walled dance lodge remained to mark the camp site. As the mare pounded past, she curved her outstretched neck toward the lodge and whinnied. Hardy heard no answer to the call, but his frown suddenly deepened.

He reached forward and stroked the mare's sleek neck. Hot as had been the race from the agency, she had not turned a hair. His frown relaxed. Yet his tight lips showed that he was still uneasy. He balanced himself in his stirrups, and began to ride as lightly as possible.

Ascending the mountainside, he was compelled to content himself with the mare's nervous, long-strided walk. But whenever the trail was not too steep or rough, he put her into a trot, and varied the pace with an occasional short gallop.

An hour passed. He was already well into the mountains. He came to a succession of steep climbs and descents that held the mare down to a walk. Presently he thought he heard hoofbeats behind him. He listened. He had not been mistaken. An unshod horse was coming up with him at a steady jog trot.

It seemed impossible that Vandervyn's pinto could have so recuperated from that whirlwind heading of the rush as to be able to take this steep trail at a trot. Hardy gazed back, expecting to see one of the cowboys. As he went down over a ridge crest, the rider came up the ridge back across the intervening gulch. The man snatched off his broad-brimmed hat to wave a salute. The sun glinted with a golden sheen on the unmistakable blond head of Vandervyn.

At the first small break in the descent Hardy dismounted, unsaddled, and sponged out the mare's mouth and nostrils with water from his canteen. He then shook out and refolded his Navajo saddle blanket, and started to remount. But before he buckled the cinch-strap he shifted the pistol from his breast to a front pocket in his riding breeches.

He was vigorously grooming the mare when Vandervyn came jogging down through the thickets of tall brush that grew close on each side of the trail. He did not pause in his rubbing until the nimble-footed unshod pony ambled into view, less than a dozen yards up the trail. Then he glanced about, straightened, and stood staring. The pony was a pinto.

Vandervyn, smiling with insolent exultance, rode down to him, his right hand jauntily poised on his hip, over the hilt of his revolver. His eyes challenged his rival with an audacious, provoking stare. But Hardy looked only at the pinto. There was no sign of sweat lather on his rough coat, no weariness in his gait. He was fresh—

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.
State of Missouri, County of Taney, ss.
In the Circuit Court, in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. W. Long and Louis Long, his wife, John W. Longwell and A. C. Watson, Defendants.

At this day comes the plaintiff herein by its attorney, William H. Adams, a justice of the peace in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, its petition and affidavit alleging among other things that defendants, J. W. Long and Louis Long, are not residents of the State of Missouri.

Whereupon it is ordered by the Clerk, in vacation, that said defendants be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against them in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against them for the sum of one hundred and seventy-four and twenty-three hundredths dollars (\$174.23) on a certain promissory note dated January 1st, 1917, for the sum of one hundred and eleven hundredths dollars (\$11.11) on which there is now due the sum of sixty-four and twelve hundredths dollars (\$64.12) in interest; said note being given to plaintiff for the use and benefit of the inhabitants of Township 21, Range 17, in Taney County, Missouri, and the defendants, J. W. Long and Louis Long, are not residents of the State of Missouri.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Taney County Republican, a newspaper published in said county of Taney, for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of said next April term of this court.

J. C. DAVIS, Circuit Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Circuit Court of Taney County, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1917.

J. C. DAVIS, Circuit Clerk.

First published March 16, 1917. 22-18

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.
State of Missouri, County of Taney, ss.
In the Circuit Court, in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, Plaintiff,
vs.
Daniel Johnson and Mary E. Johnson, his wife, Thomas J. Hicks, Hyman Esmyr J. M. Isaac, A. A. Blanchard, and Josie E. Blanchard, in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, Defendants.

At this day comes the plaintiff herein by its attorney, William H. Adams, a justice of the peace in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, its petition and affidavit alleging among other things that defendants, J. M. Isaac, A. A. Blanchard, and Josie E. Blanchard, are not residents of the State of Missouri.

Whereupon it is ordered by the Clerk, in vacation, that said defendants be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against them in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendants in the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendants to Taney County, and to foreclose a Second Trust Mortgage dated February 12, 1915, and recorded in Book 4 at page 185, the recorder's office in Taney County, Missouri, conveying land situated in said Taney County, to-wit:

The new 1-4 N-1-4 of Sec. 8, Twp 21-S-1-R-14 and the new 1-4 N-1-4 of Sec. 8, Twp 21-S-1-R-14, Range 14, containing 100 acres of land.

The petition of plaintiff also alleging that the defendants, Isaac, A. A. Blanchard, and Josie E. Blanchard, are not residents of the State of Missouri, and that said defendants are not residents of the State of Missouri.

Whereupon it is ordered by the Clerk, in vacation, that said defendants be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against them in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendants in the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendants to Taney County, and to foreclose a Second Trust Mortgage dated February 12, 1915, and recorded in Book 4 at page 185, the recorder's office in Taney County, Missouri, conveying land situated in said Taney County, to-wit:

The new 1-4 N-1-4 of Sec. 8, Twp 21-S-1-R-14 and the new 1-4 N-1-4 of Sec. 8, Twp 21-S-1-R-14, Range 14, containing 100 acres of land.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Taney County Republican, a newspaper published in said county of Taney, for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of said next April term of this court.

J. C. DAVIS, Circuit Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Circuit Court of Taney County, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1917.

J. C. DAVIS, Circuit Clerk.

First published March 16, 1917. 22-18

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.
State of Missouri, County of Taney, ss.
In the Circuit Court, in and for the County of Taney, Missouri, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. H. Mason Plaintiff,

At this day comes the plaintiff herein, by its attorney, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, Defendants, its petition and affidavit alleging among other things, that defendant, Luke A. Crutcher, is not a resident of the State of Missouri.

Whereupon it is ordered by the Clerk in vacation, that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R. W. R. D., east of certain revenue and west of R. R. D., in Powersville, Missouri, and containing 20 acres more or less, embracing and including lots 9 and 12 and Hotel Plat, except lots 4-5-6-7-8-9 and 20, in block 1 and also all plats, reserves, appurtenances and improvements in Wilson's Park addition, a subdivision of the foregoing land, in the county of Taney, in the State of Missouri, and that the sum to be paid and the costs thereof, after paying all the costs of this suit, and a reasonable attorney's fee be shared pro rata between the plaintiff J. H. Mason and the defendants, Luke A. Crutcher, R. W. Wilson, J. W. Hughes and Jesse Nance, and that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain judgment against defendant for the sum of one hundred and twenty-two and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$122.98), principal and interest due on a certain promissory note, given by the defendant to plaintiff, to-wit:

Part of lots 9 and 12 of section 8, Twp 21 Range 14 of the R. R.